Ca: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:
More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand, too
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forsake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
Giue me my sinne againe.
Iu: You kisse by the booke.
Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst her*

her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.
Rom: Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.
They whisper in his eare.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.
Exeunt.
Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: *The sonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?
Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: *I know not.*
Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: *His name is* Romeo *and a* Mountague, *the onely sonne of your great enemie.*
Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemie.
Nurse: *VVhats this? whats that?*
Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of one I danst with.
Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, I le goe along with you.* *Exeunt.*
Enter